

From the Baltimore Sun.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION FRAUDS.—More Testimony.—By the New York and Philadelphia papers we perceive that affidavits pro and con in this case continue to multiply. We find among them the unsworn statement of Robert Looney of Philadelphia, in which he contradicts several of the statements in Stevenson's affidavit; and says that Stevenson has raised "a monstrous superstructure of falsehoods on a small foundation of facts." He admits the receipt of \$7000 in 1838, but says it was to pay men for going on to detect illegal voters, not as Stevenson says, to vote!

David Dorance, keeper of the United States Hotel in Philadelphia, testifies, by affidavit, that Glentworth was at his house for three or four days, before the New York election of 1838, and that he openly declared his purpose of bringing on men to detect illegal voters.

N. W. Bridges, assistant of Mr. Darrance, testifies in the same way to the same facts; and to the additional one, that he cashed a check for Mr. Glentworth. "drawn by Mr. Gill, of the city of Philadelphia, for six hundred dollars."

Geo. W. Paul, Wm. McDonough, Mitchell Graham, S. E. Wallington, G. C. White, J. S. Shepherd, David High, Wm. Gibson, Benjamin Beale, R. Berriman, David Calhoun, Wm. Pickering, Draper Richardson and Alexander Martin, all depose that they have not had anything to do with elections in New York; that if their names were used it was done without their authority.

John P. Reynolds, of Southwark, Philadelphia county, testifies in New York, by affidavit. He details at some length the bringing together of a party of men, of which he was one, with Myer, Hart, Macks, Strine, Young, Reynolds, and others and sending them on to New York, their reception there by a committee, the disposition made of them, and the disposition they made of themselves. He was told in New York, at several of the polls, by different members of his company, that they would vote, that they had got paid for it and would do it. Some said they had voted several times, and intended to vote again, and some "shook the money at him," and reproached him for not "going round and voting also." He had called on Young at the Mayor's office—Young having employed him. Robert Reynolds and Myer H. Mark were two of those who said they would vote; both said they got paid to vote and would vote, but deponent did not see them vote; but he heard Donally and others of the party from Philadelphia say they voted in four or five different wards and got paid for it. These were the men who "shook the money at him."

Myers Hart Marks, of the county of Philadelphia, who makes his affidavit in New York, corresponds in the main, and in most of the particulars, with John P. Reynolds. He was employed by High Constable Young, and went on with his brother, along with several others; were met at the landing in New York; taken to Lovejoy's Hotel, and afterwards distributed among the different wards on the day of the election.—He corroborates the testimony of J. P. Reynolds as to several of their company voting, and testifies directly to the fact that some had voted—that some had done so two or three times and intended to do so again. John Reynolds spoke in opposition to such voting but Robert voted and some others.—This witness refused to answer as to himself, that he might not criminate himself. He however testifies to what is matter of record in the Criminal Court of New York city, that he was arrested for illegal voting at the fall election of 1838, and though guilty, after being kept in prison two terms he was discharged by proclamation; after which he was taken down town, in the neighborhood where the great fire was; taken into a house and put up stairs, where some one paid him \$25 in bills, which had been brought in by a boy, who had been sent out with a check.—He don't know why he was discharged by proclamation; and he does not know how many illegal votes were given in, but some of the Philadelphia party stated that some of them had voted eight or ten times.

[The following is the "composition" to which was awarded the gold medal, in the Graduating Class of Rutgers Female Institution in this city, at its first commencement. The committee which awarded the prize, consisted of the Rev. Dr. Milnor Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen and Mr. Kinney, of Newark. Their report was not a little complimentary. Perhaps more through the eloquence of the reader (Mr. Kenney) than from any merit of its own, it drew deeply upon the sensibilities of a very crowded audience.]

LAST DAY OF EVE.

It approached the evening twilight. The mother of mankind was placed by her descendants in front of her tent, reclining on a rude couch. The western wind fanned her pale cheek and played amidst her gray locks. Near her sat her husband. Eve turned her eye upon him with a look of sadness, yet of deep affection, and as she saw his wrinkled brow, bent form, head of snowy whiteness, seemed to call to mind other days.

Inwardly she reproached herself. "Ah, not thus was I saw him, when first given to him by our God. Where has vanished that manly form—where is the elastic step; where the eye that beamed with brightness; where now the rich and mellow voice?—Alas, how changed! And it was I, who tempted, who destroyed him—I the wife—the cherished companion—I bade him eat, and now what is he, who but for me had known neither pain, nor sorrow, nor age."

"And what remains of her on whose beauty he then gazed with unsated delight? A trembling, wrinkled form, just sinking into the grave."

"Where is now that paradise with its rich fruits—that balmy air which brought on every breath a tribute to each happy sense—those rays which warmed but never scorched? And sadder, sadder still, where now is that blissful intercourse with Him, who made us rich in the happiness of living? His voice is no longer in our ears—driven from bliss—from scenes so lovely—the earth cursed—sin, sorrow, and death, the inheritance of our children."

Our mother was overcome by the rush of recollections. Her eyes, long dry, fount new fountains, and her aged form shook with deep emotion.

It may be that Adam had been indulging in musings not unlike to these, for he was startled as if from a reverie by the emotions of his wife. The old man placed himself beside her. She laid her head on the bosom which had so often soothed its throbbings.

"What moves thee, Eve?"

"Oh, my husband, how canst thou show kindness to her who has done all this? Thou wast young and knew only happiness, and all around was formed to delight our every sense; and I, who should have strengthened thy virtue, fell, and dragged thee with me, the partner of my sin, to this depth of ruin. And after a few years of toil and anxiety, we are about to lay these worn out frames in the dust."

"But forsin we had lived in perpetual youth, and feared no change. The threatened death has worked slowly but surely, and now with us his work is nearly done."

"The first to sin, it was meet that I should first return to dust. Had the guilt and the curse been only mine, I might endure it.—But I see thee now, and I compare thee with what thou wast as it seems to me but yesterday."

"A few days will lay thee low. Let our children place us side by side in the cold earth. I know not why it is, yet it seems to me there will be comfort in our bodies dissolving together, as if there were something of consciousness in the lifeless dust."

"Little of comfort as is now left in life, yet I cannot endure the thought that I shall utterly cease to be!"

"Adam, thou hast often given me words of consolation. Is there aught can cheer me, now I am to bid thee farewell?"

"Thou seest yonder sun—thou wilt again see him rise and set, he is bidding me a last adieu. Sense shall soon cease for ever, and no light shall again enter these eyes."

The old man wiped the tears which fell on the wrinkled brow of his partner. A sudden light was on his countenance as if a new lamp had been lit up in his soul. Eve saw it, and it brought to her a gleam of hope; she gazed on his face as if death had lent new powers to her faded vision.

"First of women, said Adam, 'claim no pre-eminence in guilt—together sinned—together we have born the punishment.'"

"But there is redemption—there is hope."

"Whilst thinking of the fearful change which betokened to my heart that its partner was about to be taken away, a heavenly light beamed on my thoughts, and taught me to understand the visions which have so often visited me on my couch."

"We shall not die—there is a costly ransom provided—we must sleep under the cold earth, but we shall rise again in the freshness of that youth which we first enjoyed; and purified from all sin, we shall walk in our Eden seven times more beautiful than when we first roved amidst its fruits and flowers. And there will be the thousands who, inheriting our evil natures, will have found a powerful Physician whose presence shall wake ten thousand harps to melody."

"This earth, too, so long, so grievously cursed for our sin, will come forth more than purified from every stain, and in more than the beauty of its pristine youth."

"Thou wilt go a little before me to the grave; but we shall rise together with the glad shout of gratified jubilation; and with us millions on millions of our posterity ransomed from the curse."

Adam pursued, his eye fell on the face of his wife—a smile seemed to play in the brightness of hope on her pale lip, but the heart had ceased to beat, and that sleep had fallen on her which the trump of the archangel only shall disturb.

THE MORMONS.—A keel boat arrived at this city on Sunday last with about thirty of this new sect. We understand they belong to a party of 33, who left the vicinity of Preston, England, about two months since; although the company separated at Pittsburgh, they are all destined for the head quarters of the Mormons, at Nauvoo, adjoining Commerce, Illinois. These were all good looking farmers and mechanics; and we are told that another party is on the way from England, destined to the same point.

This sect is rapidly on the increase. Their church in England comprises between 2 and 3000 members, mostly in Lancashire; they have also regularly organized societies in Liverpool, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Manchester, &c. About 100 Methodist preachers in England have embraced this faith.—In this country, there are about 2800 at Nauvoo, Ill., and about 2000 in Lee county, in Iowa, on the opposite side of the Mississippi. They have churches in Quincy, Springfield, Jacksonville, and various other parts of Illinois. There is a church of about 100 members at Dayton, Ohio, and they intend to establish one in this city shortly; eight persons were baptised by them, in the river, in front of this city, last Sunday and Monday. With the exception of Missouri, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, they have regularly organized churches in every state in the union; those at Philadelphia and New York comprise each about 300 members. They publish a

monthly journal in Manchester, England, and another at Nauvoo, Illinois. The inhuman persecutions they suffered in Missouri in the winter and spring of 1839, were a disgrace to the state and to the benevolent spirit of the age. "To their own Master they will stand or fall."—*Cin. Chron.*

THE DEMOCRATIC CREED IS CLEAR AND SIMPLE.—It is the retention of as much individual liberty as is consistent with the security of each, and the general harmony.

It respects the persons, the rights, the property, nay, the prejudices of all.

It legislates, not for individuals or classes, but for the whole.

It leaves to men the control of their own actions and pursuits, in as far as they do not encroach upon the rights of others.

It does not interfere with the tastes, the habits, the fashions of the citizens much less attempt to regulate or enforce.

It permits society to arrange itself by its own volitions, and leaves the association of its members to their elective affinities.

It acknowledges the superiority of mind and mental power, over the power of money and the power of corporations.

It keeps an open ear to the voice of reason, calm and firmly pointing the principles and facts that cannot be shaken.

It recognises no exclusive privileges, no selfish monopolies.

PROSPERITY OF THE COUNTRY.

The business affairs of this country have never brightened more rapidly, and with better prospects than since the passage of the Independent Treasury Bill. It was solemnly predicted by some and believed by others, that the passage of that bill would depress the price of every description of merchandise, and reduce the wages of labor to a condition with that of the monarchical countries of Europe.

It is not surprising that the authors of these monstrous impositions are now ashamed of them—that they are uneasy whenever the subject of prices is introduced—and that honest John Davis, though a candidate for a prominent office, has sunk into insignificance, or is mentioned only as a reproach to his party and a disgrace to his station. The deliberate falsehoods which he and his friends palmed off upon the ignorant who believed them, can no longer deceive any one—they will forever remain a stigma and disgrace to their authors.

We understand that the manufacturing business has sprung forward with a bound—that everything prospers with them, and that their profits will be all they can ask on what they now manufacture. The United States Bank which has been their curse, but which they have supported—which has inflated the currency with the passage of every tariff, and thus invited foreign importations—which had the use of public money, and loaned it to importers to introduce foreign goods—this British United States Bank has broke. It has hung like a curse and a mill stone on the necks of the commercial and manufacturing community until it can no longer harm them. The Independent Treasury strikes a blow at the root of this mischievous policy—so unjust to American citizens—so enriching to the foreigner.

But the federalists wish to unsettle this permanent, American and independent policy, and restore the old quack, bloated, banking bubble with all its expansions and contractions. They wish to take the public money for the use of speculators, importers and gamblers. The British are pouring their money into this country with prostitution to influence our elections, and to re-establish, if possible, the British policy of enriching themselves at our expenses.—*Hartford Times.*

Extract from an Oration Delivered at Piquette, Ohio, on the 4th of July, by Lemuel Reynolds.

"We will conclude all other means for the promotion of our prosperity and happiness, under the head of national virtue and piety."

It is a truth developed in the Scriptures, and which will eternally be developed throughout the empire of the Almighty, that misery is forever inseparable from vice, and happiness is forever wedded to virtue. Piety is the great conservative principle in the moral universe—impiety is the great repulsive, disorganizing, destructive agent in the moral universe. A government is pure and permanent, and calculated to produce happiness, just so far as it is founded upon and incorporated with the principles of piety.

The influence of Christianity constitutes the great difference we behold among the nations of the earth. Those of Christendom, when true to their principles, uniformly exhibit a vast superiority. This sentiment is sustained by a fact, that when a Christian nation embraces infidelity she is plunged into all the horrors which might be expected as a consequence of separation from the great source of happiness. Do you want proof?—Look at France. That nation tried the fearful experiment—that people declared independence of Heaven—they renounced allegiance not only to Louis XVI., but to the King of kings. They cut loose their moorings from the throne of God, and their sails were crowded with all the worst passions of the human heart. If you would catch a glimpse of what a people may become, when left to themselves, turn your eyes on France as she then was. Here was the triumph of reason—here was the reign of philosophy—here was indeed liberty with a vengeance.—Ay, it was such liberty as results from a relinquishment of all interest in that covenant by which the attributes of Jehovah are pledged in behalf of man. We will not travel

through the seas of blood, or dwell upon the scenes of rapine and murder which deluged and convulsed that fair land. But O, gentle Heaven, save my country from such crimes and from such sufferings.

The surest and the shortest way to individual or national destruction is, to withdraw from under the protection of Heaven. Exterminate the institutions of Christianity—let our sabbaths be desecrated and forgotten—demolish our temples of worship—banish the blessed Bible from the land, and you not only wrest from trembling age its only prop, from youth its only hope, from the child of poverty its only treasure, and from sorrow its only solace—but you uproot the foundations of the government, you rob the nation of its grandeur, you dismantle the fairest edifice that ever reared its top to heaven.—The wandering pilgrim, surveying with gloomy feeling the vast desolation, would say to himself—This was America: alas! the sun of her glory was for ever set—"Hope sits peeping in the heavens, and washes out with falling tears the traces of her feet on earth." Surely that nation only is permanent, prosperous, and happy, whose God is the Lord.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

Mr. Editor.—The time is fast approaching when the representatives of the people will meet at Jefferson for the purpose of enacting such laws as society require. Notwithstanding party politics have run very high, yet I do hope the members of our legislature will consider the interest of the whole community. There is one subject, Mr. Editor, which ought to attract their attention, (as I conceive it the business of a legislative body to reform society) and that is, the vending ardent spirits in the shops called groceries; that subject our Legislature took into consideration at its last session, but so framed the law as to leave it with the county court whether it should take effect or not, and some courts set it aside without even a petition from the grocery keepers themselves; and had there been a thousand petitioning to that effect, it would have been wrong in the court to hear them. Of all the evils that afflict our American land, that of vending ardent spirits is surely the greatest; and those persons engaged in the infamous traffic deserve less protection by legislative enactments. To see a healthy, likely, and otherwise gentlemanly looking man, keeping a grocery with a few barrels and bottles, and scarcely anything else, and his group of toppers around him at his board, some swearing and boasting, others snoring the fumes away, or just awake and calling for another drink, while perhaps some of those wretches have families who are in a state of suffering; wife and children deprived of the necessities to render them comfortable, to go into the pockets of the dram selling gentry, ought to be disgusting to every lover of good order throughout the length and breadth of our land and imperiously demand legislative interference in behalf of the most helpless part of the community. I venture to assert that there has not been a grocery kept at any place for a few years, that has not to some extent filled the pockets of the venders and increased the amount of human misery and wretchedness in numberless instances within the reach of its direful influence; how many little innocents and their unfortunate mothers, have been in rags while the heads of that family have become more degraded than the grunting swine. The miseries produced by tolerating such establishments baffles all description. I hold it to be dishonest to be engaged in any business that does not render some useful or beneficial equivalent; so far from this being the case, those fellows are filling their pockets with the price of tears and wretchedness. Man is the only created being that is not stationary by instinct morally—he is the most simple and helpless in infancy, and the most capable of receiving instruction or being moulded by the influence of education; no bounds can be set to his downward and depraved course, and none to his rising in virtue and piety; it is therefore desirable by all the virtuous, to have a wholesome atmosphere to raise youth in; purified from those stench of tipling shops and their attendant evils. Sir, more good will result to the community by passing good laws on this subject, than can possibly be given to us by congress, let who will be our president.—Our legislature at its last session met, professing to know the wants of society, and passed a law and left it with a county court to say whether society needed the law it had made—thereby shifting the responsibility from their shoulders where it ought to be. I am of opinion that some such law as was made at the last session would do much good, and I believe the community would sustain such a law, and support such principles in despite of maddened dramsellers and tiplers.

BENFORD.

THE FARMER'S LIFE.

BY H. COLMAN.

What a means of imparting pleasure is an improved agriculture. How many charming examples present themselves among us of improvements which every eye gazes upon with unmingled delight. Let a man, according to power, take his ten, his twenty, his fifty, his hundred acres. Let him comb the hair and wash the face of nature. Let him subdue, clear, cultivate, enrich, embellish it. Let him smooth the rough places, and drain the wet, and fill up the sunken, and enrich the barren. Let him enclose it with a neat and substantial fence. Let him line its borders and road sides with ornamental trees, and let him stock every proper part with vines and fruits. Let his fields and meadows wave with their golden harvest, and let his hills be covered with the herds rejoicing

in the fulness with which his labors, under the blessing of God, have spread their table, and who, when he goes among them, hasten from all sides to meet and gratefully recognize in him a friend and benefactor, and lick the hand which is accustomed to feed and fondle them. Here now let us see the neatly painted cottage, with green shades, its piazzas trellised with vines, its sides covered with the spreading elm or flowering acacia, with here and there the beautiful fir to shade the picture and the mountain ash showing its rich clusters of crimson fruit among the deep green foliage, and the smooth and verdant lawn stretching its smooth and beautiful carpet in the front view; then look again and see the parents at the close of day, resting from their labors and enjoying the calm evening, with the pledges of mutual and devoted affection rioting before them in all the buoyancy of youthful innocence and delight and if, at such an hour as this, you can hear the hymn of grateful praise rising from this humble abode of peace and love, and its charming notes mingling with the music of the gurgling brook that flows near by, or broken by the occasional shrill and hollow notes of the gentle and fearless birds, which deem themselves members of this loving household; if then, whether traveller or sojourner, your heart is not touched with this charming and not unusual picture of rural felicity, cease to call yourself a man. If still you sigh for the bustle and the noise and the confinement of the city, with its impure water and offensive odors, with its despicable affections, with its heartless formalities, with its violent excitements, with midnight festivities, with its utter destitution of sympathy, with its low estimate of human life, with its squalid poverty, its multiplied form of wretchedness and crime, its pride, its vanity, its ambition, its pomp, its servility; then go back to your gilded prison house, and to pleasures; which an uncorrupted and refined taste, accustomed to drink in the free air of heaven, and to appreciate its freshness, its purity and its salubrity, will find no occasion to covet or envy. The man who by his cultivation and good husbandry, presents such a picture to the passer by, shall he not be called a benefactor to the community? Has he not done much to improve and bless society by his example? Has he not built a monument to his own honor more eloquent than the marble?

STEAMING OF CORN STALKS AS FOOD FOR CATTLE, &c.—The dreadful mortality from famine among the cattle to the eastward during the past winter, seems to call upon every one engaged in agricultural pursuits to fall upon some plan of economising the food destined for winter use. This course is alike dictated by interest and humanity, and will, we sincerely trust, receive all proper attention from those who are to be affected by it. With this brief introduction, we will state simple fact which will go far to show how much may be gained by adopting an enlightened system of feeding. During the past season, protracted, cold and cheerless as it was, the large and beautiful herd of Drovers at Brookland Woods, the seat of Mr. Richard Caton, near this city, were fed upon steamed corn stalks and ruta baga. This was not the result of scarcity, but a matter of choice, for the fine meadows belonging to the estate yields ample supplies of the choicest timothy hay, and have been celebrated for years for their great productiveness. The enlightened proprietor of this fine estate conceived the opinion that by submitting the corn stalks to the action of heat in the process of steaming he would be able to restore to them much of that sugary property that renders the stalk in its young and green state, so much the favorite with the human palate, and that thus its nutritive powers would be brought into activity. The result of his winter's feeding has not only been highly gratifying to him, as affording a most happy illustration of the justness of his views, but it has enabled him to get his stock through the winter in good and vigorous health and thriving condition, with a saving of from 45 to 50 tons of timothy hay. After stating this fact, it may be considered as a matter of concern to know how he prepares his stalks, and under that impression, we will briefly state the manner of his doing so. The stalks are first cut by a straw-cutter into the proper lengths, and are then steamed and fed to his stock. The process is as simple as can be desired, and costs but a few hours' labor each day; and it should be borne in mind, that this labor is required to be performed mostly in the dead of winter, when, on all large estates at least, there are many hands idle, so that it is no additional tax whatever upon the proprietor of the farm by way of labor.—*[Farmer and Gardener.]*

TRIP AND WING—AN ELOPEMENT.—Our village, says the Oswego Whig, was thrown into some little excitement a few days since, by the elopement of Mr. Lewis Tripp, merchant tailor, with a Miss Emily Wing, seamstress for the same, the former a married man, who had abandoned his wife for the latter, a maiden "as false as she was fair." They had both, till within a few months, sustained a good reputation; but recently, rumor with her thousand tongues had noised it about that all was not right between the parties; still as they asseverated their innocence, and no proof could be brought against them of a criminal nature, nothing was fully established till their departure. He has *Tripped* his course, and she has *Winged* her way to the west, and we deem this notice no more than an act of justice to warn others against their hypocrisy and villany.—*[Saturday Courier.]*

Of all vices vanity and a love at contention are the most difficult to be corrected.